

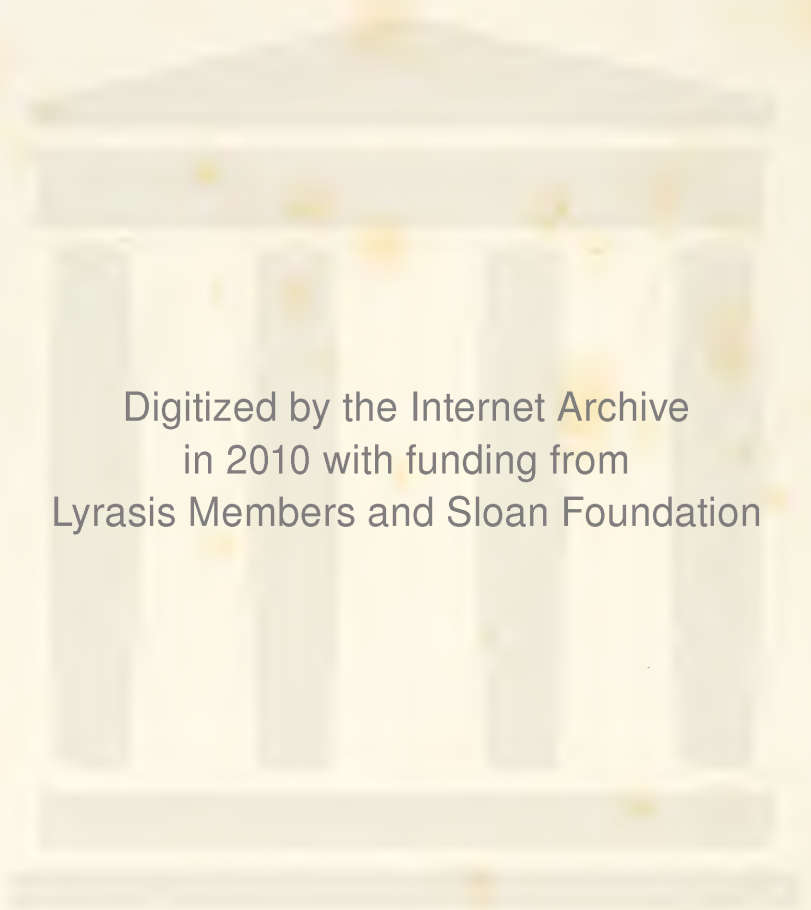
STATE·TEACHERS·COLLEGE·

the

ARMVILLE·VIRGINIA·



April, 1939



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The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. I

APRIL, 1939

NO. 3

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The Colonnade

VOLUME I

NUMBER 3

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The Columns

BY THE EDITOR

WHAT work, worry, suspense, and fun go into the publication of every issue of the magazine! As soon as the eight hundred copies of one issue are left by the plates in the dining room, plans are begun for the next issue. The daily trips to the magazine box in the hall are daily adventures. Carefully we open the top of the box—never knowing what will emerge. Sometimes handfuls of stories, poems, essays pop out at us, and we are happy for the rest of the day. At other times we lift the lid and the cupboard is bare. Then we resort to another source of material—the English Department. The teachers lend us their best term papers and themes, and we scan them for possible revision or publication. As soon as the manuscripts are piled high on our desk we begin the difficult task of selecting suitable material. Gradually the literary staff and advisers decide upon the articles to be used and “the die is cast.” By this time the end of the month has almost crept upon us, and the magazine has to be at the printer’s by the first! The material is rushed to the typist. Two copies are made

of each article—one to go to the illustrator and one to be used in making corrections. Pictures have to be taken for the cover. Mr. Coyner spent the best part of an afternoon at Longwood taking “snapshots” for the April cover. At the last minute the material is assembled, and we rush it over to the Herald office. The magazine is at press, and we rest in peace for a few days—until the proof reading and plans for the next issue begin!

Miss Alice Carter’s enlightening article should be of professional interest to all of us. Mrs. Watkins, in charge of placement, provided the statistics which increase the value of the article . . . Anne Shirley has spent most of her nineteen years in Panama. She writes: “En route to the States I have stopped at many interesting places, one of which is Haiti. Although I have never lived there my frequent visits to the island have given me a clear picture of the life and customs of the native of Haiti.” . . . Incredulous readers have looked up from Jean Scott’s story with a look of shock at the O. Henry ending . . . Ruth Hubard, back from West Virginia to finish out her senior year at Farmville, has fulfilled one of her ambitions, “to get something printed in the Colonnade” . . . For months we have haunted Beckie Sandidge with requests for poetry and at last she wrote “Kao Ming,” . . . The freshman class still furnishes our most enthusiastic contributors. Anne Bradner wrote the poem, “Rain Song”. Aggie Mann reviewed one of the Virginia books. Cottie Radspinner and Peggy Hughes illustrated two stories . . . Mildred Gentry drew the illustrations for Bess Windham’s story.

With this issue the work of the 1938-39 Colonnade staff comes to an end. It has been a year of change and experimentation for the magazine, and in the process we have made errors and mistaken decisions. But through it all you have been patient and co-operative. To everyone of you who has helped us in any way we extend appreciation and gratitude.

Now it is time to put the cover on the typewriter, get out the files, and hand them over to Johnny Lybrook and the new staff. May next year be a happy and successful one!

ANN DUGGER

For What Position Are You Preparing?

ALICE E. CARTER

IN deciding upon a vocation one should take account of the supply and of the demand for the services to be rendered in the particular field under consideration. In vocations where the supply of workers greatly exceeds the demand, the opportunities for finding work are necessarily limited. Unless the applicant can render outstanding service, keen competition narrows her chances of securing a position.

In choosing their special fields of work, the students at the State Teachers College at Farmville seem to be disregarding the fact that many more teachers are needed in Virginia in the elementary grades than are needed in the high schools. A survey of the number of students matriculated in the various curricula of the college shows that too large a number in the student body are preparing for teaching in high schools in proportion to the number that are preparing for teaching in the elementary grades and in reference to the ratio between teachers needed for the elementary grades and for the high schools in the state.

A tabulation of certificates held by Virginia teachers for the school session of 1937-38, based on reports of teachers contracted with by division superintendents, was made recently by the State Department of Education. According to this tabulation there were 9048 white elementary grade teachers, 642 white junior high school teachers, and 3499 white high school teachers holding teaching positions in Virginia during the session. Of the total, 68.6% were elementary grade teachers, 4.9% were junior high school teachers, 26.5% were senior high school teachers. During the session of 1934-35, the State Department of Education issued 599 certificates to white elementary teachers with 590 new white elementary teachers required to fill vacancies in the elementary schools that session. During the same year 922 certi-

icates were issued to white high school teachers with only 194 new white high school teachers needed to fill the vacancies during the session.

Although there are more than twice as many teaching positions in the elementary grades as in the high schools in Virginia, only 33.9% of the total enrollment of the student body at Farmville for the fall and winter quarters of 1938-39 are matriculated in curricula which prepare for teaching in the elementary grades. Of the total enrollment of 847 students for these two quarters, 54.2% are matriculated in curricula leading to teaching in high schools, 33.9% are matriculated in curricula leading to teaching in the elementary grades, the other 11.9% being matriculated in pre-nursing courses, or in commercial courses, or as special students. With 44% of the present sophomore class matriculated in curricula preparing for teaching in the elementary grades, there is an increase over the junior and senior classes, the percentages for which are 33.8% and 31.9% respectively. But the freshman class shows a decided drop with only 29.3% of the class enrolled in curricula preparing for work in the grades.

The placement bureau of the college was not able last year to supply all the calls that were received for teaching positions in elementary grades, while it was not possible to place in high school positions all those who were graduated from curricula which prepared for high school work. Of the 128 students receiving degrees in June, 1938, 30 or 23.4% of the class were graduated from the curriculum which led to teaching in the primary grades, 15 or 11.7% of the class were graduated from the curriculum which led to teaching in the grammar grades and 83 or 64.9% of the class were graduated from curricula which led to teaching in high schools. The placement bureau received 120 calls for teachers for

the school session of 1938-39. Of these calls 53 were for positions in primary grades, 38 were for positions in grammar grades, 2 were for positions as teachers of music, and 27 were for positions in high schools. About one-half of the 27 calls for teachers in high schools were for teachers of Latin or of a combination of Latin and of other subjects. Of the 30 in the June, 1938, class who were graduated from the curriculum which prepared for teaching in the primary grades, 29 were placed in positions in the lower elementary grades, the other one of the thirty preferring to accept a position as librarian. Of the 15 who were graduated from the curriculum which prepared for teaching in the grammar grades, 13 are teaching in the upper elementary grades, one preferring to accept a position in a high school near her home and the other one attending a Baptist Assembly Training School. Of the 83 in the class who were graduated from curricula which prepared for teaching in high schools, only 64 are teaching this session. Exactly one-half of these 64 have positions in high school. Of the other half who are teaching, 29 were placed in grammar grades, 1 was placed in a primary grade, and two were placed in one-room schools. Of the 19 who were graduated from the curricula which prepared for high school positions and are not teaching in public schools one is back in Farmville as an instructor in the Home Economics Department, 2 have secretarial positions, 3 are attending colleges, 3 are married, 6 did not desire positions, and 4 were not placed.

An interesting study might be made to determine what per cent of the recent graduates of curricula leading to teaching in high schools have been placed in positions to teach their majors or minors. Such a study might include finding the combinations of subjects that these beginning teachers have had to teach.

Some of the students who matriculate in curricula leading to teaching in high schools may be influenced to take work preparing for teaching in high schools rather than to take work preparing for teaching in elementary grades because of the discrimination which often is made between elementary and high school teach-

ers, both in esteem and in salary. There is still a tendency, often unconscious on the part of many people, to refer to teachers in the elementary grades as "teaching down in the grades." Even those who are committed to the theory that the educational experiences of pupils on all levels are of equal importance, look upon the transferring of a teacher from one grade level to a more advanced one or from the elementary school to the high school as a promotion for the teacher even though the salary remains the same. However, distinctions between teachers in the elementary grades and in high schools are beginning to disappear. In a few counties and in some cities in Virginia the salary schedule is based solely upon the grade of certificate held by a teacher and upon her years of experience with no distinctions between positions in the elementary grades and in the high schools.

Generally speaking the student who is graduated with a B. S. degree leading to teaching in the elementary grades is placed in a larger, better organized, and better equipped school system than is the student who is graduated with a B. S. degree leading to teaching in high schools, because the trend in the larger accredited high schools is to appoint only teachers who have a master's degree or who have its equivalent in training. If upon graduation, a beginning teacher must accept a position in the elementary grades, even though she has not had work which prepared for this field, wouldn't it be better for both the teacher and for the children whom she teaches if, upon entering college, she would elect a curriculum which will prepare for the position she more than likely will have to accept?

A few students may enter college knowing definitely just what they wish to do, but many could be directed into curricula which will more directly prepare for the positions to be filled upon graduation if some form of guidance could be provided either before the school session begins or upon entering college. Perhaps a bulletin, issued by the college, or better still by the State Department of Education, setting forth the needs in the various fields of teaching might be sent to prospective students during the summer. Or new stu-

dents might enter a day or two early and be advised about the various curricula in light of the needs in the field. Choices then would not be made in a haphazard manner,

as is often done now, and students upon graduation would feel surer of being placed in positions which their work at college has prepared them to fill.

A Little Colored Girl

A grinning little colored girl
Came skipping down the hall;
But when she saw me coming,
She edged against the wall.
"Good morning," said I, and I passed.
Then her shy look was gone.
"Good mawnin', ma'am! Good mawnin',
ma'am!"
And grinning, she skipped on.

BETTY SUE CUMMINGS

Rain Song

Outside, the night is warm with rain,
I rest my cheek against the pane
And close my eyes.
Reality is gone again
And with it all the aching pain
Grows still—and dies.

The rain trips by on fairy feet.
I feel the rhythm of the beat
Within my heart,
And suddenly I live again—
Live—in the music of the rain:
Become a part!

My heart grows light and soars on high
To join the trumpets of the sky
In wild, wild song
That rises—rises—falls again,
And quickly ends in soft, still rain
And silence long.

ANNE BRADNER

Prelude to Tragedy

JEAN SCOTT

THE night was cold and wet, and the boy turned the collar of his coat up around his neck to keep out the dampness. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and felt their emptiness. The sharp pang of hunger filled his thin body with pain as he walked slowly and aimlessly along the street, his head bent toward the slick pavement. He came to a corner and looked up; as he did, he saw a young man crossing the street from the other side. He was a well dressed young man, and the boy thought:

"Gee! he must be in the dough. He's really a slicker. Think I'll take a chance with him."

He approached the young man, thinking as he did:

"A guy's come to a poor pass when he has to lower himself to begging, but then — a fellow can't starve."

The boy swallowed his pride and with embarrassment, "Say, bud, I wonder could you spare the price of a meal?"

The man didn't speak for an instant, and then he said, "Sure, come on with me. I'll buy you something to eat."

They walked in silence to a Chinese-American restaurant which was in the next block. It was warm inside, and the boy ate heartily. He was glad that his benefactor said nothing, but instead sat quietly reading a paper. When he had finished the meal, the boy asked,

"Mind if I bum a cigarette, too?"

The man reached into his coat pocket. "Not at all. Take the whole pack."

"Gee, thanks, Mister, you're a regular fellow!"

That was all. Outside they parted and went in opposite directions. A heavy fog



had settled over the city, and the boy stumbled through it toward the water front. Now that he had been fed, and felt warm and satisfied, he had the courage to carry out the plan that had been in his mind for days. He walked with a determined step past the dingy buildings toward the wharf. Music drifted into the street, the music of a piano, mingled with the cries of a baby. Once, in the dense fog, he hit against a garbage can, knocking it with a loud noise into the street. On and on he walked, until he finally reached the wharf. From out of the darkness a shabby beggar stepped.

"Got a cigarette, bud?" he asked hoarsely.

"Sure," said the boy, remembering the pack that had been given to him in the restaurant. "Take the whole pack. I won't need 'em where I'm going."

"Thanks," mumbled the beggar, and as he stumbled away the boy walked onto the wharf.

The next morning in a far-removed section of the city, a well-groomed young man descended the stairs of his fashionable home and walked into the dining room. His wife sat quietly at the table, the morning paper spread out before her. She said nothing when he entered the room, and he sensed that something had upset her.

"Is anything wrong, dear?" he asked.

She looked up. "I was just reading in the paper about a young boy, only eighteen, who drowned himself last night. They found his body early this morning, but there were no hints as to his identity. He was shabbily dressed, and it looks as if he drowned himself because he was desperate. I had never thought much about people like him

before. There must be thousands of them here in this city that are as desperate as he was."

"Yes," her husband replied, "I met one last night. He stopped me and asked if I could spare the money for a meal. He seemed so proud, not at all like the typical beggar; so of course, I bought him something to eat."

"I'm glad you did," she said. "You should have given him some money to help him start anew."

"I couldn't embarrass him further by openly offering him money, but I *did* put fifty dollars in a pack of cigarettes and gave that to him."

Lonely tree,
Haven't you heard?
Don your green
And lift your head!

DOROTHY WRIGHT, '39

Fragments

If I should die tonight
And behold tomorrow His Eternal Light,
I'd still be unafraid —
For then indeed I'd be alive—not dead.

CHARLOTTE MORTON

* * *

He lived in a world of his own,
And those who ventured in were happy
Till he tired of them—
Then he closed the door
And asked them to drop the latch
As they left!

MABEL BURTON

* * *

Fluffy clouds are wispy spider webs
Blown to and fro by every breeze.

AGGIE MANN

* * *

She would be better if she tried to be
something instead of trying to seem to be
something.

A STUDENT

Today the sky is like a fairy height—
Where soft wings beat against small clouds
and flee;
Oh, in my dreams I called to you last night,
And you have come today to answer me!

BESS WINDHAM

* * *

The lawn looked as though it had just
been manicured—Visitor to Farmville.

* * *

Oh, had I loved you more, Love,
I think my heart 'twould burs'.
But had I loved you less, Love,
I'd own a fuller purse.

BECKIE SANDIGE

* * *

From out the depths of blackest blue,
No eye of man can see, I think,
Comes light that's of a golden hue—
It's writing from a bottle of ink.

FRANCES HUDGINS

Kao Ming

I had a china dolly once
She was the cutest thing!
I dressed her in a wee silk dress
And called her Kao Ming.

Her hair was redder than a rose,
Her cheeks and lips red too;
She had a saucy turned up nose
And silver was her shoe.

But soon I found my dolly's lips
In smiles could never part
For deep within her, Kao Ming
Concealed a saw-dust heart.

What disappointment I felt
You'd never really know
Unless you too have been let down
When disillusioned so.

BECKIE SANDIDGE

The Job

BESS WINDHAM

"ALL right, step down!" The curt tones of the red-faced conductor and the arms of two porters, half pushing and half carrying, deposited Martha and her bag quickly and competently on the station platform. The train jerked hastily off, throwing a cloud of smoke over its ejected passenger, and in the uncertain darkness proceeding the break of day, was soon gone.

Mike Callahan, opening up his little eating stand across the street for the early morning customers, saw it happen and strolled over curiously.

"Can I help you, Miss? The station's closed this time of morning."

Martha was standing there biting her lips in helpless fury. She swung around in quick surprise at his words.

"Would you tell me what town this is?" she found herself asking. The sound of her own voice speaking so calmly reassured her.

"Cartersville," he answered. "Visiting relatives here?"

Martha managed to smile at his small-town curiosity. "Not exactly," she said. Her eyes glanced on the lighted doorway across the street.

"Could you sell me a cup of coffee now?"

Mike nodded, quick to oblige a customer,

and followed her in to put things in order.

"Is it a very large place, this Cartersville?" Martha asked, watching him make the coffee. It was not yet light enough to see outside.

Mike laughed. "Not what *you'd* call big, I guess," he said after one swift glance at her clothes, "but it's large enough for me."

"Is Minton very far from here? I have to be there at eight o'clock this morning to see about a job that was offered me. If I'm not there I won't get it."

"Looks like you won't get it then," Mike said stoically. "It's fifty miles to Minton and



there were no trains or buses leaving before eight—not that you could ride them anyway,” he added, remembering that she had been thrown off the train. “You’re pretty hard up, aren’t you?”

Martha nodded, “I just must get to Minton!”

Mike shrugged his shoulders and turned away. “If you’d take my advice, sister, you’d give up the idea. Looks like you’ve gone far enough already.”

Noting the change in his attitude, Martha remained silent and slowly began to drink her coffee.

Outside, dawn had already begun to smear a gray haze over the buildings. They emerged from the shadows across the street like a row of staring ghosts. Uneven moisture smudged clumsy little black streaks on the windows where soot had blown from the passing trains. The town looked poor and deserted, and Martha was glad when the door opened for another customer.

He was a tall, well-built young man. Mike seemed to know him.

“Got you up bright and early this morning, haven’t they?” he grinned from where he stood polishing glasses.

The young man nodded. “Trouble at the mines again—I’m going down to see how much damage was done. There was another cave-in last night. Hope it doesn’t interfere with the sale.”

“That’s too bad. Seems like something is always happening at the Minton mines. Don’t see much use to work them.”

The young man nodded.

Martha stood up suddenly and went over to them.

“You’re going to Minton?” she asked.

He looked up, surprised at the abruptness of her question.

“Yes, I am, to the mines.”

The polite stiffness of his words struck her sharply making her cheeks flush with color and embarrassment, but she hurried on.

“I have to be there by eight o’clock. I wonder if you would let me ride with you?” She looked at him anxiously.

The young man glanced almost imperceptibly at Mike who stood a little behind her, and with a sinking heart she glimpsed the quick negative shake of his head.

“I could sit in the rumble,” she offered, looking enviously at the car outside.

The young man smiled, then finally nodded assent.

“You can go on and get in,” he said. “I’ll be ready in a moment or so.”

After a few minutes’ talk with Mike, he came out and saw her sitting quietly in the rumble waiting. He felt a little sorry for her.

“Won’t you join me in the front?” he asked more pleasantly than before. “The wind blows rather badly back there.”

Martha thanked him but refused to move. She was sure he didn’t want her with him on this trip, and when they began speeding along the road in the blurred haze of the morning, she made herself as inconspicuous as possible.

Lee Thomas drove swiftly, anxious to reach the mines. Glancing in the mirror he saw the girl still sitting quietly in the back with the wind blowing her hair. The situation disturbed him. Hers was such an unusually lovely face! She didn’t look at all like the kind who would bum a ride, or be thrown off a train as Mike had testified.

He swore softly to himself and suddenly realized it was raining. Great spatterings of it blew against the windshield and swept across the road. Lee caught his breath and swerved the car to a stop. The girl would be drenched!

Martha was a sodden little heap when they finally got back into the front of the car. It had all happened so unexpectedly that they both began to laugh, slipping easily out of their previous formality.

“Careful of that portfolio you’re holding,” Lee said. “I have a buyer for my mines who is going to sign the deed in it today.”

Martha smiled. “Are you afraid to trust me with it?” Lee looked at her as though he were seeing her for the first time. He had never seen such an adorable smile. The effect of it left him suddenly light-headed.

“Tell me,” he said, “if you don’t mind my asking, about this business that Mike was telling me about, of being thrown off a train. Does this thing usually happen to you?”

Martha shook her head, eager for his

Continued on Page 26

Port-au-Prince, Haiti

ANNE SHIRLEY

THE tropical sun was just rising and the misty blue was lifting slowly and reluctantly, yielding to the bright, warm rays of the sun. Our boat steamed smoothly and quickly into the imposing harbor of Port-au-Prince. Bells were ringing in the distance and the whole atmosphere seemed at peace with the world.



I stood at the ship's rail and marveled at the beauty of the scene. The light blue of the foothills shaded into the darker blue and blue-black of the high, majestic mountains. I recalled the tales I'd heard of these same mountains and wondered how anything which appeared so full of beauty and peace could harbor such dangers or the lurking, wild beasts and savages that inhabited them. Here and there in the clear atmosphere I noticed little trails of smoke climbing high into the thin air and I could almost see the savage natives dancing around their captive and I fancied I heard the full, weird thud-thud of the tom-toms.

My dreams soon came to an abrupt end, however; for it seemed that every bell on board ship clanged out its signal in order to bring the large boat safely through the shallow, light green water. My fellow passengers began showing signs of life and soon were walking out their daily dozen before breakfast. We were slowly coming nearer to our port and an occasional spot of color on the hills showed us that there was a house perched here and there.

After breakfast we all came on deck to see how near we were to port. We were about a quarter of a mile away and the little "white" town of Port-au-Prince, nestling down on the side of a green hill, was laid out before our eyes. I have never seen so many white buildings, and they literally sparkled in the strong glare of the hot sun.

We noticed little cayencas approaching us, paddled by half-clothed, black natives

with their colorful ware. As they came near the boat they made such a din and confusion as I had never heard. The natives of Haiti are French and they speak very little English. They were selling all kinds

of gaily painted corals and starfish. I have never seen such a startling array of tropical fruits of every color. A passenger would point out what he wanted and the native would tell him the price by holding up his fingers. After a great deal of bargaining, an agreement was reached and the native tossed a ball of twine to his customer. Then he tied a basket on to the end of the cord and placed the purchased object in the basket and the passenger hauled it aboard. The passenger, in turn, placed the money in the basket and sent it on its return journey down to the native. Thus the trade was made. I watched, fascinated, for a while, and then noticed another crowd of passengers a little farther up the deck. I sauntered up to investigate. To my surprise my friends were nonchalantly tossing bright nickles and dimes overboard and the little native children were fearlessly diving into the shark-infested waters for the coins. There was much fighting and scrapping among them and they all seemed to race to dive in after each coin. The first one to reach it as it slowly dropped from side to side in the green water put it in his mouth, quickly came to the top of the water, and hauled himself into his cayenca. Then the shouting and begging began again. As I suddenly noticed that our steamer was no longer moving, I wandered around to the other side of the ship and—lo and behold!—we were tying up at the docks.

Curious to see what further mysteries this strange place harbored I went below for my sun helmet and dark glasses. A party of us disembarked. We had no sooner set foot on dry land and were enjoying the "steady feel" of the cement than we were

practically knocked off our feet by a crowd of Negro taxi drivers begging us to ride in their cars. We waved them off because we wanted to walk to make sure we didn't miss anything. As we walked down the long, narrow, odd-shaped docks, many venders came up to sell us their wares of silver-linked slave bracelets and wicker chairs. Having decided to wait before we bought anything, we walked on without stopping. We finally came out into the hot sun, more glaring than ever after the cool shade of the docks. As we entered the town of Port-au-Prince, I must confess I was somewhat disillusioned; for the city which I thought was so beautifully white, wasn't so white as it had seemed in the early morning. Most of the streets were narrow, dirty, and crowded with oxen and mule teams, but the government buildings were immaculately white, and there were one or two wide streets. The city was patrolled by Negro policemen. They looked very important in their sun helmets and khaki uniforms; but alas! none of them wore shoes! We wandered into many quaint, dark little shops, and as all of us were eager to see the market, we walked on in that direction. We met many half-starved natives, begging for food or money. They were all afflicted in some manner. Some were minus hands or legs or were blind. A few had the dreaded disease, leprosy. The odor of the market reached our nostrils about a block away. We had been warned of this, but we were determined to see for ourselves. The market was a huge, white building with open stalls surrounding it. Inside it was divided into stalls and booths where everything from papayas to bananas was sold! Beggars sat on the floor in the aisles. Everywhere we turned the smells almost overcame us. We could stand everything but the odor of salt fish, mixed with the steaming heat and the sweat of the natives. When that became too much for us we escaped into the open air. We decided to take a taxi and drive through the residential section. This was really beautiful. All of the houses are set back in shaded groves of palm trees, with an occasional banana or payaya tree. The houses are completely surrounded by tropical foliage. Seeing such restful beauty almost made us forget the filth of

the city, and so we directed our wanderings back toward the docks. We had enjoyed the day tremendously, but we were sun-burned, hot, and tired, but happy. The thoughts of a deep tub filled with cool water perhaps hastened our steps. As we again walked into the large dock we were surrounded by the peddlers who had met us



that morning. They were selling their same wares, but at about half price.

Each of us purchased something for remembrance. I bought a large basket of alligator pears for a quarter and my fellow-passengers generously indulged in slave bracelets and wicker chairs. We got on board just in time as the warning whistle was giving its loud blasts. Everyone was talking of his purchases. Some had huge straw hats, others gourds, all kinds of tropical fruits, gaily-colored bandanas and whisky. It was a happy crowd that leaned over the rail and waved good bye to the natives swimming alongside the boat.

As we slowly steamed out into the channel the sun was a huge red ball of fire sinking into the west. The short twilight soon faded and all was quiet as the soft velvety darkness of the tropical night engulfed us. I watched the strange, weird forms of the mountains grow dim in the dark and distance as I whispered "Au revoir"!

Rationalizing

KATHLEEN SAWYER

"NO, darling, I won't be back." She leaned her head on her hand and looked out through the chiffon-veiled windows. She shuddered as she saw the green leaves drooped under the August sun. It would be smothering in New York. New York—she looked back to her letter and reread the last page.

"You know, honey, I told you when we were married I'd probably be the world's worst wife. But we were both so much in love I suppose we thought things like soggy pies and rounds of delicatessen dinners didn't matter. Now, though, I know they do.

"You've been so sweet, honey. You must have hated strewn-up rooms and half-cooked meals as much as I've hated being torn away from cocktail parties. I'm sure you hated it, for sometimes I could tell by the look in your eyes, although you didn't say a word.

"Well, we can't go on like that, dearest. These two years have been such heavenly ones. I want to remember them just like they are. I don't want to ever have to think back on times when we've said bitter things to each other. So this is the best way, dearest. It's the only way, really. I won't be back."

She folded the heavy paper slowly and slowly tucked it into the envelope that smelled faintly, as did all her things, of gardenias. She wished for a minute that she hadn't taken a vacation after all. She wished she were back in their apartment; back in New York, with all its heat. He'd be tired tonight. Wednesday was always his hardest day. She'd live—

But this was the right way. She knew it was the right way. She'd lain awake last night after Gordon had left, trying to think it out.

She'd remembered the day she was

married. The day she had left her big, rambling, white-front home that she loved and gone far away to their tiny four rooms. She hadn't known any rooms could be so small, and each day they had grown more minute. Chairs tumbled all over one another and the bed swallowed up one room.

But she could have endured the inconveniences of the apartment if only he hadn't had a mother. Nancy thought now of this other woman, and was glad she wasn't going back.

She wondered what the old "war-horse" would do without a daughter-in-law to lecture to. She sighed with relief. It was so good to play bridge as long as you liked; to drop in for cocktails and stay until you got ready to leave; to dance until morning and then have early breakfast at the Club; to lie on the sand the whole day long; to go where you pleased and do what you pleased with no one to say, "Nancy, dear, Bob is really looking terrible. Are you sure he gets the right food and enough rest? I declare you're never home!"

Well, there wouldn't be any more of that. She was glad she had left when she did. While she was still young and fascinatingly beautiful.

It was so soothing to hear the gang say, "You're as beautiful as ever, Nancy," and know they meant it. It was wonderful to wear orchids again. and to drink champagne instead of nickel beers.

It was—yes—it was good to see Gordon again. Gordon was so—so perfect. Not perfect like Bob. Maybe not so really kind and splendid. But he did all the right things in just the right way. He called at just the right hour; sent just the right flowers; said the right words at the right time. Yes, it was good to be with Gordon again.

She went out to mail the letter.

In April Time

Give me
An April day;
Cool rain that splashes on my face
That makes a pool in every place
Where grass is not.

Give me
Soft clouded skies,
Gay birds that sing from tree to tree,
Tall trees that reach and wave to me,
When I'm alone.

I like
Small snow drops,
Crisp water lilies in deep pools,
Wee birds that sing,—even April Fools
In April time.

FRANCES HUDGINS

The Sisters

RUTH HUBARD

THE East Side is a very unsavory part of New York. It has the air of a gaudy old woman with a dirty petticoat. In the upper section is a park where the grass is parched and scraggly and the wind blows dirty scraps of paper and discarded candy wrappers aimlessly. The benches, once a smooth bright green, were now chipped and peeling. Sitting on one of these benches were two women, absorbed in conversation. They were such complete opposites in appearance that it was almost impossible to realize they were sisters. The older, fat and unkempt, with stringy-looking hair, and a continual air of being too hot, held a pudgy child by one hand. He was whining and straining away from her, trying to pick up a bright red candy wrapper. Her hair had once been bright gold. It was now the faded color of tea with cream in it. She wore a flashy rayon dress with an imitation suede belt which had frayed at the edges. The dress had a white collar which was badly soiled. She was thirty years old but looked much older. Sallie looked at her with pity, contempt, and a strange hardness.

"Jane, I don't see how you can stand it." The bitterness and ferocity in her voice startled Jane. She looked at Sallie anxiously.

"Honey, honestly I don't mind, and you won't either. You love Jerry just like I love Frank, and you'll be just as happy as we are," she said comfortingly.

"That's just what I mean," Sallie said savagely. "Do you think I want to get fat and old before my time, like you are?" She ignored the sudden hurt in her sister's eyes and went on intensely, "I'd rather die

—die than live like you do." She remembered the time when Jane had been as lovely as she was now—yes, Sallie knew she was lovely. If she hadn't been able to see her reflection in a glass, she could see just as clear a reflection in the eyes of any man whom she met. Her gleaming red gold hair, cut shoulder length, which actually glittered like copper when in the sunlight, cool gray-green eyes and strange dark skin were really quite remarkable. She was the girl men glimpsed from restaurant windows and dreamed about for weeks afterward. She wore a beautifully simple white dress. She wore white only, in the summer and black in the winter. Her clothes, however, were no credit to her. A girl in the office had taught her how to dress but Sallie took little pleasure in the results. She had every redhead's passion for red, and riotous color of all kinds. She loved trashy jewelry that clinked, but she had learned that nice people didn't wear it; so she gave it up, just as she had given up chewing gum. She leaned over toward her sister, a curious light flickering in her eyes which were completely green for a moment.

"I'm going to get away from here. I don't care what price I have to pay or how hard it is. I know what I want and I'm willing to pay for it." Her sister looked at her with a worried frown.

"But what about Jerry?" she asked anxiously. "You know he loves you, and I believe you love him."

"I don't," Sallie said slowly as if trying to convince herself.

Sallie bent down to look in the wavy mirror of the old hat rack. Her gold hair flamed in the



Continued on Page 28

Dogwood Winter

Now snows of dogwood whiten April woods,
And myriad bluets pray their myriad prayer;
"Forget not me," they cry in vain. Chill air
Sighs in the pines, and silent swell the buds.
Violets, white and blue and purple, spread
Their lovely fabric to become the lair
Of snakes and lizards, slithering things unfair,
Be trod by cattle, and then, when summer's dead,
To fade and die. And I grow old with thinking,
Baffled in heart and mind and will, though seeming
Young, yet in despair, without sense of rime
Or reason, order, faith, or hope, sinking
Into oblivion, flanked by lushness teeming
And futile as this senseless lapse of time.



BOOKS of VIRGINIA

THE UNWILLING GYPSY—

By Josephine Johnson: *The Kalcidograph Press, Dallas, Texas, \$1.50.*

BORN in Norfolk, Virginia, Josephine Johnson, after a preliminary schooling in her native city, attended the University of Virginia and Harvard. She has been a laboratory assistant in Chemistry at Farmville, a librarian, and a member of the staff of the "National Geographic Magazine." As a member of well-known poetry societies, and vice-president of the Poetry Society of Virginia, she has been a stimulus to readers and writers. Her own poems have been published in both the United States and England.

For the name of her first book of poetry Miss Johnson has chosen the title of one of her best poems, "The Unwilling Gypsy," a poem in which is expressed the inarticulate longings of thousands for something they lack that should belong to them alone. This would not have to be something big and famous;

"But oh, that one walled garden, small and sheltered,
Belonged to Me!"

In each poem there is a wish, perhaps subconscious, to leave the staid and ordinary mode of life and to be carefree—to wander where one will, to do what one wants to do. There is an undercurrent of sadness, of wistfulness, especially in the poems, "She That Will Not When She May" and "Snow". A young woman felt alone and hopeless because she loved Robin while married to Tammas. Robin was a roving gypsy, while Tammas was steady and

unimaginative. She envied Robin, wandering when and where he pleased, and longed to wander with him:

"But oh, to be that gypsy
Sleepin' on the hill."

In her poem, "The Chase", Miss Johnson depresses one with a sense of the futility of life and living. There is sadness because of the disappearance of all earthly joys. What has passed on in life can never be recaptured and one sees the "hungry hounds" drawing nearer to the prey, only to find that it has fled:

"She is gone . . . she is fled . . .
She will never return.
. . . Even the last lean hound be dead!
Come away from the sunset window—"

Those who love and value beautiful poetry, may read this little book and possess, forever, its charm and loveliness.

AGGIE MANN

IMPRISONED PREACHERS AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN VIRGINIA—

By Lewis Peyton Little: *J. P. Bell Company, Lynchburg, Virginia, 1938.*

THIS is the story of the persecution of Baptist ministers in Virginia from 1778, and their final triumph in the fight for religious freedom. The compiler is a Williamsburg Baptist minister who has spent more than thirty years in his researches. His findings make an interesting narrative drawn largely from records of Virginia counties and private letters. Order books of the counties involved were

carefully examined, and excerpts were copied and checked against other records.

Not only does Dr. Little, by detailed evidence, confirm the assertion that the Baptist ministers were imprisoned in Virginia, but he also demonstrates that these clerical victims were cruelly beaten. Yet it is interesting to note that these men never struck back in defense of themselves. They were meek martyrs.

One index conveniently gives the names of the persecuted, and the punishment meted to each individual. Another index gives the counties where the persecutions took place with the names of the men persecuted in each country.

The persecutions, in addition to many weeks and months spent in jail, took the form of banishments and beatings which incapacitated the victims for work, and expulsions from the pulpit. There was one attempt at suffocation. One man was beaten and injured for life; another was nearly pulled to pieces by a mob, and another had his hands slashed while preaching.

The sufferings of these were not in vain,

however, for they helped to bring about the passing of a law by the General Assembly of Virginia which was designed to place all denominations upon the same footing. The Baptists, however, were not content with bringing about absolute equality among all sects and denominations; they continued to struggle for absolute religious freedom in Virginia. When the legislature threatened to pass a bill assessing all religious teachers in the state, the Baptists and others who opposed the General Assessment plan, and Madison's strong "Memorial and Remonstrance" had great weight in deciding the issue. The final struggle over the problem of Religious Liberty came between the years 1779 and 1785 when Thomas Jefferson prepared a bill which was finally written into the laws of Virginia as the "Bill Establishing Religious Freedom."

Religious liberty in America was also brought about by this battle fought and won in our Virginia jails by the Baptists.

The book discloses a shameful page in Virginia's history yet, it is a story which needed to be told.

MARION HARDEN

Sophistication

Loved you? Did I?
Well, do tell!
(Can't remember
Very well.)

Cried because you
Went away?
(Must have been a fool
That day.)

Glad to see you
Coming back?
(That's my precious
Feminine tact.)

We'll talk of clothes
Of food, of war.
(That shouldn't take us
Very far.)

I'll say I like
Your belted-back.
(Can't think just what
It is you lack.)

You'll say you like
Your steak well done,
And that war in China
Can't be fun.

Now, certainly, even you,
Must see
You're not indispensable
To me.

LENA MAC GARDNER

As Other Students Write

Lollie

SALLY HALL

From The "Royalist", William and Mary Magazine

“THEY call me Lollie. Poor Lollie, they call me. They say Poor Lollie killed Mack. Yes, I killed him. I killed him with a hoe. I beat him on the head when he was stooping over, and the blood ran out on the dark ground and he screamed. His scream was loud and shrill. I didn't like it. I hit him again and he lay still. Then I wiped off my hoe on his coat and I went into the garden again.

“Mack was my brother. I remember when he was born. I was in the kitchen, peeling potatoes, and my sister called me. She said, ‘Lollie, you have a brother.’ I didn't say anything and she said, ‘Do you want to see him?’ I didn't want to see him. I was busy peeling potatoes. Mary—that is my oldest sister—I like her best—said, ‘Poor Lollie! Do you know what a brother is?’ I said, ‘Yes,’ and then she took me into the back room and my mother was there. The room was dark and my mother was in bed. She opened her eyes when I came in. Mary said, ‘This is your brother,’ and she showed me Mack. He was ugly and red. My mother said, ‘Don't. Lollie will hurt him.’ Mary said, ‘Lollie won't hurt him: I went over to the bed to see my mother, but she pushed me away. She pushed me, and I went out of the room and back to the kitchen to peel potatoes.

“Yes, I went to school. I was going to school when Mack was born. I was bigger than the other kids. I hated school. They teased me. One day my teacher said, ‘Lollie, why don't you study?’ I said, ‘I don't know.’ She said, ‘You're a big girl. You ought to be way ahead of the others.’ I said, ‘I don't care.’ That night my father said I didn't have to go to school any more. I was glad. I like the grass and sky and the garden, and I don't understand books. My mother

was sad. She cried, and she said, ‘Poor Lollie.’

“I worked in the garden some. I liked it. I liked bending in the hot sun to get strawberries. Leaves and the ground under them felt cool and sometimes I would step on a berry and it would ooze and make a red stain on my bare feet and it felt good. I am strong. I used to pump water to feel my arms go strong and see the water coming out fast in the sun and splashing in my bucket. My mother said I was a good girl. She loved Mack best, though. The others went to school, and she used to ask me to take care of Mack. She would say, ‘Poor Lollie. Don't hurt Mack. Be careful of Mack.’ I would say, ‘Yes,’ and I would set him under the cherry tree at the edge of the garden and I never touched him. He was ugly and fat, and once he put cheery seeds up his nose. I took them out and he cried. My mother was on the kitchen porch. She ran and she said, ‘What did you do, Lollie?’ I said, ‘Nothing.’ She said, ‘You are bad.’ I went to the woodshed and hid until late. When I came in my mother said, ‘Poor Lollie. It's all right.’ I felt better then and I sat by the fireplace and watched my mother knit. I knew she didn't like me as much as Mack. She said, ‘Don't stare like that, Lollie.’ I said, ‘I like to watch you.’ She said, ‘You make me nervous. Go to bed.’ So I left the room.

“Later Mack went to school. The kids there told him about me. He came home one day and pinched me hard on my arms and legs and said, ‘Lollie's crazy, ha ha.’ I was in the kitchen and my mother heard him. She came in and said, ‘Mack, I'll whip you if you tease Lollie.’ Mack shut up. He never yelled at me again like that in front of my mother, but sometimes after school

he would find me in the barn hunting eggs and he would yell at me. He never hurt me again because he knew I was strong. And sometimes he would say in front of others, 'Lollie, what is your name?' I would say, 'Poor Lollie.' Then he would say, 'Where do you live?' I would say, 'Fairfax.' He would say, 'How do you spell it,' and I would say, 'I don't know.' He would laugh and laugh. My mother would say, 'Mack, stop,' but she never whipped him.

"One day I was weeding in the garden and I found the first rose. It was so red and when I ran my fingers over the petals they were soft and smooth like a new horse chestnut, only thinner. I picked it for my mother and went in the house to give it to her. She was in the kitchen and she had a big cake. I could hear kids in the next room, laughing. The cake had candles on it and my mother lit them. I said, 'What is that for?' She said, 'Mack. It's his birthday. He is having a party.' I started to follow her, because I had the rose. She said, 'You can't come in, Lollie.' I held out the rose, but she was busy keeping the candles lit, and she went in and she never noticed the rose. That night I said, 'I want a big cake with candles.' Mack laughed and said, 'When is your birthday?' I said, 'I don't know,' and he laughed hard. My mother gave him toys and a bicycle that day.

"Mack was getting bigger. One day my mother said to Mary, 'Mack is going to say a poem at school this week.' I said, 'What is a poem?' She didn't hear me. She said to Mary, 'Mack's bright. I'm proud of him.' Her eyes were all bright and like the dew on grass. I wanted to say a poem so her eyes would shine for me, but I didn't want to ask again. I sat by the fireplace that night and watched Mack. He said, 'Now I will practice,' and he stood up and said words about a tree and they sounded alike and even, like rows of corn. I thought, 'I can say a poem, but I will say one about my mother.' I got up early the next day before I had to work and I thought hard. I thought a poem. It was, 'My mother is roses and dew and sky, my mother is a garden.' I said it over and it was easy, like water between pebbles. I thought, 'I will be brighter than Mack.' Later my mother said, 'Lollie, wash Mack's shirt. He is going to say a poem at school tonight.' I washed

Mack's shirt and I thought, 'I haven't a clean shirt to wear and I can't go.' But after supper, when everyone was dressing, I took a dress from Mary's closet and I put on shoes, and washed my face and put the dress on. The dress was small and tight. I am big. But it was blue and soft and I could say my poem in it. Mack came in and said, 'Where did you get that dress?' I said, 'Mary.' He said, 'Why did you take it?' I said, 'I am going to speak a poem.' He laughed and called my mother. He said, 'Lollie stole Mary's dress.' My mother slapped my hand and said, 'Put it back.' I said, 'I am going to say a poem,' and my mother said, 'You are bad.' They went away and my mother took Mack's hand. I took Mary's dress back.

"One day I was in the garden. It was morning and the sun was bright on the strawberries. They were just ripe. I found some that were the best. They were big and tender and sweet. I put cool leaves in a bowl and put the strawberries in them and set the bowl under the tree. Then I hoed in the garden. Mack came out. He went under the tree. I said, 'Those berries are my mother's.' He said, 'She doesn't want your berries.' I said, 'Don't touch them.' He ate one and I stopped hoeing. 'They are my mother's,' I said. He ate another and he said, 'Mother doesn't like you, you crazy.' I came over to the tree and Mack picked up the berries. He threw them on the ground and laughed. I cried and Mack laughed harder. He bent to pick up one to eat, and I lifted my hoe and hit him, like I said, and when he screamed I hit him until he lay still, and then I wiped my hoe and went back into the garden.

"My mother called me to help her, and I went to the house. She said, 'Lollie, where's Mack?' I smiled and I was glad because she would like me. I said, 'I don't know.' Later she asked me again and I said, 'In the garden.' Then my father came in and he was yelling, 'Mack is dead,' he yelled and, and my mother began to yell, too. She cried and he said, 'He was killed in the field.' He saw me and took me by the shoulder hard. 'Did you kill him?' he said. I said, 'Yes, I killed him. I'm glad he's dead.' He hit me hard on my head and I fell under the table. He kicked me in my stomach so I couldn't breathe and he cried.

I crawled out of the kitchen when they weren't looking and went to the woodshed and hid. Some men got me there later, and took me to the jail. It was dark and smelled. No one talked to me. I was there about two days. I sang loud because I was alone and everyone was strange and not like I thought it would be when Mack was gone. The jailer swore at me and said, 'Christ, stop singing.' One day, they took me out. I thought I was going home. 'I want to see my mother,' I said. They said I couldn't. They took me in a car, and the road went fast. They brought me here.

"I like it here. They don't laugh at me, and when I am outside I am happy. I work here in the garden with my hands. I miss my mother. One day Mary came to see me. She brought me some apples. I said, 'Can I go see my mother now?' and Mary said, 'You will never see her again.' I cried and said, 'Why?' Mary said, 'Because you killed Mack.' I said, 'I'm glad I did.' Mary left, then, and I did not see her again. That was a long time ago. I was sad to think I would never see my mother again, but I still work in the garden and I remember my poem."

Happiness

I searched for Happiness far and wide
Neglecting Duty to seek for her side.
I searched thru the day and thru most of the night,
Eyes straining thru dimness for signs of the light.
The harder I struggled, the tired I grew,
The less of that fickle one, Happiness, knew.
In defeat and despair, I gave up the quest,
And returned to my duties full of unrest.
To my thrill and dismay, I found Duty fair,
With Happiness lodged like a star in her hair.

RUTH HUBARD

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RICHMOND :::: VIRGINIA

The Job

Continued from Page 12

approval. For some reason she wanted desperately for him to like her in spite of what had happened. "Only once—today. You see, I've been out of a job for sometime. I had an offer for this one in Minton, but only train fare for half the distance. I just had to get the position, so I decided to—to—."

"Stowaway?" Lee supplied.

Martha crimsoned. "Then just before we reached Cartersville the conductor discovered my trick and had them put me off."

"That's pretty tough," Lee said. Somehow he couldn't help believing this girl.

When they reached the Minton mines they saw a town that was dirty and somber with only a few stores—dark with coal dust and wet with falling rain.

"Do you know where the Jackson law offices are?" Martha asked, digging for the address in her purse. She was a little confused because they had arrived so quickly. The ride had been short and exciting, talking to this stranger. He seemed no longer a stranger to her.

"Never heard of them. Are they new here?"

"Why no, it's an old firm." She found the little slip of paper. "It's at 1442 North Main Street."

Lee was silent a minute.

"Are you sure about that?" he asked finally.

"Why yes. It says right here—," Martha stopped. She looked up at him with a sudden premonition. "What is it?"

"The Minton you're looking for is a city two hundred miles from here."

Lee could have kicked himself. He should have known in the first place—a girl going to the Minton mines for a job! He tried not to see the stunned look of surprise in her eyes. He gripped the wheel tightly, and for the first time in his life he felt completely a fool.

"Then——"

Martha leaned forward desperately. "But what am I to do? That coffee at Mike's place cost me the last cent I had. Do you suppose—," she looked at the squalor of

the grimy miners' houses which even the rain made no pretense of cleansing. Her voice tightened with hopelessness. "Could there be anything here?"

Lee shook his head. He felt profoundly sorry for this girl. Their short association had already quickened for him into something that would be more than a fond memory. He yearned to help her, yet with the sale of his mines so near at hand he hesitated.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said, "but this is as far as we can go." He opened the door reluctantly, then handed her his card. "Look me up if you need me," he added, with something like hope in his eyes.

Martha stumbled from the car and watched him drive away. She stood there motionless in the rain, hardly knowing what was happening. She could only think of one thing—that she would never see him again.

Lee, watching her anxiously through the mirror, drove slowly on. At the corner he stopped and hesitated, possessed with a desire to turn back. But she was only a hitch-hiker he told himself; she would get along all right!

He drove on again trying to think of other things, but the thought of her standing there in the rain persisted. She needed someone! All at once his heart quickened, fired with new determination, and with a swift sure movement of his hand he turned the car around.

Lee drove hurriedly, afraid that by some magic she might be gone, but he found her still standing on the curb where he had left her—seemingly unaware of the rain.

His smile was shy as he opened the door. Martha felt a rush of happiness. Something wonderful had suddenly happened to her; she wasn't sure, but — —

Lee said gently, "I couldn't leave you."

Everything seemed simple now. Martha smiled, "I'm glad," she said.

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FARMVILLE :: :: VIRGINIA

The Sisters

Continued from Page 17

musty, dimly lighted hallway. She tied on her little white hat with careful fingers. She'd been a fool, today she would tell Mr. Cartwright. She called goodbye to her mother, ignoring her plaintive, "Try to get home early. I want you to help me with the wash," banged the door and walked quickly up the street with her sure light step.

Mr. Cartwright was a gentleman of the old school. He was fifty-five years old, and none knew better than he that he was temporarily insane. Why should any cheap girl affect him as Sallie (He already called her that to himself) did? It humiliated him to think how clear-cut his condemnation of his friends had been in similar situations. He shrank from facing the fool he knew he was making of himself. He had waited, hoping the feeling would go, but each time he saw her he was more infatuated than before. He couldn't understand himself. He was happily married, and had three children, practically grown, the oldest almost Sallie's age. Still, (he faced the facts), he was sick with envy when any of the men in the office stopped at her desk. His hands shook when he gave her dictation, and he put them under the desk. He had to concentrate hard to keep his words

making sense. His pulse leaped whenever the sun glinted on her hair. He had never felt this way about his wife. Sallie had, up to this time, met his advances with abrupt rude coldness, and while he hated himself he still kept begging her. He would like to fire her, but by now he realized that he could not live without her.

He had a strange feeling of regret mixed with triumph when she came into his office and said she'd go out with him. They both knew what she meant. He gave her an apartment on Park Avenue and a mink coat. He also gave her tiny potted plants and curious little mosaic pins. He thought of her constantly, and her complete indifference infuriated him while it kept him intrigued. None of his presents brought spontaneous laughter or warmth to her cool eyes.

* * * * *

Sallie began to get too thin. She found herself often very lonesome, and although she tried not to, she thought constantly of Jerry. One afternoon Mrs. Cartwright came to see her. Sallie was not surprised at the visit, for she had been expecting her for a good while. But she was surprised at Mrs.

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Cartwright's appearance. Although she was dressed expensively in exquisite taste, she reminded Sallie so much of Jane that she was more cruel than was necessary.

"I want only his money and he wants only me, a fair bargain," she said viciously. Mrs. Cartwright looked at her steadily a moment.

"Then you won't give him up?" she said quietly.

"Absolutely not," Sallie replied shortly turning abruptly to the fire as if to warm her hands, with her back to Mrs. Cartwright. Her visitor took the hint and left immediately.

Sallie's bright hair was beginning to tarnish a little, but Mr. Cartwright did not notice it. To him she was still an enchanting goddess, slightly cruel and unreal. A part of his mind knew she cared only for his money but he refused to face the fact, and did not admit it even to himself. He lived a shadowy existence when he was not with her. He failed to notice his wife's growing unhappiness, or her pitiful efforts to recapture his attention. For the first time in their youngest daughter's life her birthday went by without a surprise from Daddy. When Nora Cartwright finally tried to kill herself with strychnine, (the papers called it an overdose of sleeping powders.) he came back to a reeling, swaying earth. For the first time since the beginning of the affair, he got a true perspective on himself. He realized what an utter fool he had been and ended the affair with a curt note of explanation to Sallie.

Sallie read the note carefully. Strangely, she cared less than she had thought she would. For the past few weeks she had been

drinking rather heavily and everything seemed less important now than it used to. The door bell rang sharply. She stood slightly dazed from drink, then remembering that the maid had left—how did they always know things first—screamed "Come in," at the top of her lungs and then giggled foolishly. Jerry opened the door and looked at her a moment in sick disillusionment, then kindly as if to a child, "Come on, we're going home now." She looked down at Jerry's too pointed shoes, and hot tears sprang to her eyes.

* * * * *

The two women sat on a bench in the barren park absorbed in conversation. One was a bit thinner than the other, but they both looked happy in their cheap rayon dresses. You could tell they were sisters all right.

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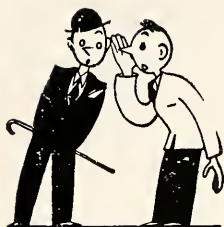
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VIRGINIA

Chips

Picked up by Liza



Are you single?
Do I look like
twins?

* * *

Just because a certain lad carries your
picture in his watch is no sign you are the
only girl in the case.

* * *

"Spring is here."
"Show him in."

* * *

The man who wakes up and finds him-
self famous hasn't been asleep. — John
Higgins.

* * *

Sounds like a crip—
"Did you ever take anti-toxin?"
"No, who teaches it?"

* * *

Betty, fastening her eye upon the hash,
said, "Please pass me the 'Review of
Reviews'."

COMPLIMENTS OF . . .

COLLEGE SHOPPE

FARMVILLE :-: :-: VIRGINIA

"We Appreciate Your Patronage"

When pompous people taunt me
With regal attributes
It cheers me to imagine
How they'd look in bathing suits.
—Cheerful Cherubs

* * *

"Is there any soup on the menu?"
"There was, but I wiped it off."
—The Pointer

Martin, The Jeweler

Will Appreciate Your

Business

EVERYTHING

A CREAMERY SHOULD HAVE

WE HAVE

THE BEST OF IT

Farmville Creamery

FARMVILLE :-: :-: VIRGINIA

He: Where did you get those wonderful eyes?

She: They came with my face.

* * *

It's surprising how often a love triangle develops into a wrecktangle.

* * *

It isn't what a girl knows that bothers us but how she learned it.

* * *

Sighed a youth, "My life is wrecked!

My love has a cross-eyed defect,

And the light that lies

In the depth of her eyes

Gives an indirect lighting effect."

Tony Wons Scrapbook.

* * *

Dentist to Patient: "I told you not to swallow. That's my last pair of pliers."

* * *

The objective of "he" is "she".

* * *

"What is your chief worry?"

"Money."

"I didn't know you had any."

"I haven't."

* * *

A successful monopolist is a man who gets an elbow on each arm of his theatre chair.—Life.

* * *

Co-ed: I don't think I should get zero in this exam.

Prof: Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark there is.

* * *

STEPS OF SOPHISTICATION

Freshman: "I don't know."

Sophomore: "I am not prepared."

Junior: "I don't remember."

Senior: "I don't believe I can add anything to what has been said."—Jester.

A stout matron is a lovely girl gone to waist.

* * *

"Aw, honey, where's your heart?"

"Right down my neck. First turn to the left."

—The Pointer

* * *

You would not knock

The jokes we use

Could you but see

Those we refuse.

* * *

"Waiter, bring me some ginger ale."

"Pale?"

"No, just a glass will do."

* * *

There are two reasons people don't mind their own business. One is that they don't have any mind, the other that they don't have any business.—Quip.

* * *

The six ages of a woman—the infant, the little girl, the miss, the young woman, the young woman, the young woman.—Exchange.

* * *

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That never to himself hath said,
When he stubbed his toe against the bed,
Blk ??- —*** !! * ::; ;;; X G).—Quip.

* * *

"What is the tactful way for a girl's father to let her boy friend know it's time to leave?"

"He may casually pass through the room with a box of breakfast food."—Buccancer.

COMPLIMENTS OF . . .

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Bug-Lore

To the little bug who lives here
'Twould be a fearful loss
If I should shake his towering tree,
—This tiny wisp of moss!

* * * *

Katy did; Katy did!
Katy didn't—she didn't!
Came the Katy-did's rasping call,
And thus they've been a-screeching
Since I was very small.
Katy did; Katy did!
Katy didn't—she didn't!

* * * *

A silken web all hung with pearls
Glimmers from the wall.
In case a luckless insect slips
It's there to break the fall.

* * * *

All God's small creatures join at night
Forgetful of petty wars,
And their singing voices go trembling up
In tune to the dancing stars.

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